Volume XVII Chicago, Ill., January, 1941 Number 10

The Liberalist

TO WHICH I CLING

Oh, young Year, take not these things from me—
The olden faiths; the shining loyalty
Of friends the long and searching years have proved—
The glowing hearthfires, and the books I love;
All wonted kindnesses and welcoming—
All safe, hard-trodden paths to which I cling.
Oh, glad New Year, blithe with the thrill of Spring,
Leave me the ways that were my comforting.

—Unidentified.

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

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The Liberalist

Preston Bradley .....Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley.....Associate Editor

Volume XVII Chicago, Ill.,January, 1941 Number 10

Meditation

"Our Father, and the Father of all mankind, as we come to this last opportunity in a year which is just about to die, of speaking to the hearts of our listeners, our friends and members of our Church, we would first of all express our gratitude for everything which has happened to us in these past twelve months. We are grateful for the failures, grateful for the suffering, grateful for the worries, grateful for every anxiety which we have had, grateful because these things did not pass us by, but that in our realization of them there existed the opportunity to overcome them, and for that privilege of victory we are grateful. Grateful for the disciplining of heart and mind and body. Grateful, yes, for the tears, for only through those tears might our vision have been made clearer. Grateful for the power which Thou hast given, not that we miss these things, but that they are not powerful enough to destroy the finest and the best of life.

So, in these closing hours of this dying year, we would ask that we might have that same relationship with Thee which will enable us to meet triumphantly and victoriously everything which the future has. Might we have that quiet faith, that creative faith of the poet:

'I know not where His islands
Lift their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.'

To all who are ill, to every shut-in, to every lonely heart, to all who have sinned and seek the better way, to everyone upon whose ears and heart these words may now fall, may they have courage and strength for every problem, patience for every pain, strength for every weakness. And O, God, find a way in the year yet unborn, find a way to bring peace to this earth, peace to the nations, peace to human hearts! This is our closing prayer of the year when prayers seem to have counted less. Peace, Lord, for every troubled heart, strength for every weak soul. May we find our way back to Thy heart, and the prayer which leaps to our lips, just as a little child turns to the outstretched arms of its mother, is Thy prayer:

'Our Father, who art in heaven, etc'."

"WHAT TIME IS IT"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, December 29, 1940

"One of the early evidences that man was destined for something high in the final pattern of civilization is to be found in his persistent and constant effort to localize something called 'time', that is, to bring time-consciousness into definite relationship with his conception of space-consciousness so that we have some definite understanding of something which we call 'time.'

Most people never distinguish between that which we think of as 'eternity' and that which we think of as 'time.' The human intellect has no technique, and it has no organizational capacity, by which it can comprehend something which we call 'eternity.' There is not a mind in the congregation this morning, nor a mind listening, that has any tangible understanding of something that is timeless. Our whole conception is in the realm of time-consciousness. There is no use of our attempting to analyse or make understandable that which is timeless; we have not the faintest conception of that which has no ending and that which has no beginning. The 'no ending' and the 'no beginning' awareness, as far as the human mind is concerned, does not exist. Therefore, man found it necessary very early in the struggle and the development of his life, very early in the beginning of that procession which he has constantly followed down through the years and years and years of his expressions, to discover a way by which he could break up timelessness into time. That was the beginning of the invention of calendars, of the clock and the watch and of man's taking off a period of time, seven times repeated, — — so he took the 24-hour cycle, until he was able to develop some sort of an articulation in that 24 hours of time which he called a 'day', and then he took that particular segment of the timeless, and in the continuity of its repetition he found that it was possible to build something that he called a 'week'. There was no reason why they could not have 12 days in a week or 15 months in a year; man by common consent could remake a calendar this day, if he wanted to, just as a certain group in the United States is, at the present time, and has been for a long time, interested in a 13-month calendar and injecting another month into the calendar in mid-summer, which would please some of us very much, I assure you of that, and we would have 13 months rather than 12. No reason in the world why that could not be done, none whatever.

All of this effort of man to divide up something called 'time' so that he would have an awareness and a locativeness and understanding of time is all evidence that man has been trying as best he could to put these borderlines about his own interests and make them able to identify for him certain things which happen in his life. So that a thing like a birthday—mine happens to be the 18th of August, the most ridiculous time to have a birthday when one is away from one's friends, well, the 18th of August in that far-off year of 1888, when I first saw the light of day, that day was designated by August 18, 1888, and the only thing in the world it means is that I am given a peg upon which I am able to hang a natal day. That day does not exist, it is just a part of the timeless, but somebody invented a calendar, someone invented figures, and days, and these days were given names, and thus it happen-

ed to have been Saturday, but that day belongs to the timelessness of the evolution of the cosmos.

So I am asking a question this morning, and it is the oldest question which man, probably, has ever asked. Long before he had these demarcations man looked at this universe, of which he was a part, and he wondered where it would all end. He had no conception of the endless, he could not think of it in terms of something that we mean when we say 'eternity.' Man was thinking in the limitations of his own finiteness, and his ability to create segments of that eternity was very slight, but all down through these years he has been asking himself 'What time is it?'

Can you not imagine man asking himself that question once when the floods covered the earth and the waters ran in a rampage down the valleys and created oceans of rivers and he saw the waste and desolation of the only known world of which he was aware? Can you not see man and his mind in that hour asking 'What time is it? What is the meaning of this episode?' Can you not imagine him in that hour when Genghis Kahn ran with his hordes and his powerful forces over the known civilizations of Asia? Can you not imagine man seeing men being swept along in the great tumult of the conquest of Genghis Kahn, and can you not imagine some man, somewhere, in that hour, saying: 'What time is it? What time is it in the universe, in the world, that this thing should happen?' Can you not imagine when the Romanlike Empire reached out and seized the known civilizations of the world as Edward Gibbon tells us in 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire', in the first chapter of that book that took him twenty-one years of his life to write, when Edward Gibbon said: 'When that great octopus reached out and seized the known civilizations of the world, two of those nations will never be forgotten: Phoenicia, for she gave the world letters, and Palestine, for she gave the world a religion.' Can you not imagine some mind in that hour who saw the Roman legions in conspiracy with the other representatives of the nations of the world, as Rome swept her way in a great world conquest? Can you not imagine someone in Palestine, someone in Phoenicia, in Persia, in Greece, saying: 'What time is it in the life of the world?' seeking a segment by which they could identify that which was happening in human history? Can you not imagine in that moment when the European intellect was transformed into a new conception of values and something happened called the 'Renaissance', when the intellect of man, which had been deadened all through the despotism of those ages, when the mind of man was held in imprisonment and in bondage, — can you not imagine when Plutarch was revived, when men read Homer and men read Dante again? — can you not imagine when art once more adorned the walls of his home, when drama and music and poetry and everything which bespoke the opening and the flowering of the human mind and the human spirit was under the impetus of a great reformation? — can you not imagine that in that hour someone said: 'What time is it, what hour is it in the history of the world that this hour should finally dawn?' Can you not imagine, even in this larger implication of the question as we personalize it into the individual life — the nurse called into a sickroom in the midnight watches of a restless, suffering patient and standing in the dim glow of that dimly-lighted room, a voice gasping with pain, 'What time is it?' Can you imagine the query that comes to the mind of someone who is under the stress and strain of something about to happen to his life, and he knows it, and a crisis is due, and hear him say, as perhaps the

cold perspiration of that crisis gives tangible evidence of the inner turmoil of the soul, 'What time is it?'

I have heard, when I was a student of law, a man who was, in the next half hour, to be convicted of a murder which meant his imprisonment for life, and I, who had gone through that crime and as a student in the office of the trial lawyer had had some personal contact with that particular case, shall never forget that one look, in the morning in that courtroom as the prisoner was brought in to hear a verdict announced by the foreman of that jury, when he turned to the deputy sheriff who led him into the room, and his first question was: 'What time is it?'

I have seen, and so have you, some little lads, — — as I did but a week ago when I was taking a walk through Lincoln Park by the lagoon, — — some little lads playing football. It was Saturday afternoon, they were having a glorious time, and as I stood there for a moment to look at them, a little fellow with his hair all tousled and his face all dirty, and his knickers down over his shoetops and unconcerned about his appearance, dirty hands and face, but a little anxious, looked at me as I stood there a moment and said: 'Say, Mister, what time is it?' and when I told him he exclaimed: 'O, jiggers, kids, come on, I've got to get home!'

I give you this wide variety of illustrations just to bring you up to this hour in the life of the world and in your life and mine— 'What time is it?' "What time for this old world in these dying hours of 1940?' What time in my life? What time in your life? We had better be asking ourselves that question. I am not a pessimist, you who have been hearing me preach during the years know that I am an incorrigible optimist, but I know the better part of optimism must be based upon an understanding of the forces which would destroy, that ignorance of those forces may destroy the very optimism and the very creative faith in which we believe. That's the reason I am asking you this morning to ask yourselves 'What time is it for the world?'

Standing, as this world does, in the greatest crisis of human history, a decision has to be made. We look at the clock of destiny and we say: 'What time is it?' Decision to be made; something so incredibly significant that one dare not portend its true significance without being accused of pessimism! There is a grave danger that man, who could, by his genius, and does create for himself a world of such ease and comfort and security and smugness that he can feel in an impregnable position where nothing could ever touch him finally; that he has built this world; that he can fly until he is a companion of the winged birds; that he can sail under the sea until he is a playmate of the denizens of the deep; that he can project his voice until a whisper can be heard around the world; that in winter he need not be cold, and in summer he need not be warm; that he has surrounded himself with such an environment of protection, security, ease and comfort that the result is **spiritual anemia, fatty degeneration of the soul!** That is the modern disease which has come to man as a direct result of man's unwillingness to sacrifice any longer. Nobody wants to be disturbed; nobody wants their position challenged; nobody wants their security threatened; nobody wants to be told the truth! We run away from the truth as though it were poison. We don't want the truth about ourselves! We don't want the truth about our nation! Man wants to dwell in his IVORY TOWER, and we are all living in it, and one of the reasons why the pragmatic evidences of tragic forces are sweeping through the heart of the race to-

day is because the democracies, and the free peoples, and the youth of those peoples, were unwilling—and these are not unduly harsh words, they are true words — we wanted to escape the hardness of life, we did not want to do the primary foundation work of disciplining, and a whole race of young Germans, and young Italians, and young Russians have gone to the other extreme!

The thing which I want you to see, as we look at the clock and find out what time it is in this world of ours, is this — — remember the October revolution of 1917? How long ago was that? Twenty-three years. And the baby born that day is now twenty-three by the clock. The Fascist revolution in Italy: how long ago was that? The Hitler revolt of Germany? In these past fifteen years the then ten year old boy of Germany is now twenty-five, and from birth disciplined, schooled, hardened, never an hour when the State was not in control of his life! Muscles as hard as steel; trained to go without food and to live on synthetic foods! Not an ounce of fat upon their youthful bodies, not an hour of ease, discipline! Discipline! DISCIPLINE! WITHOUT SOUL! No discipline and lose the soul? It is so late by the clock of human destiny, that the democratic nations of the world now must find a way to get strong and not lose the soul in the getting of that strength. That is how late it is by history's clock. That means that the year ahead must be a year of great sacrifice! It means that you and I must give up, as we have not given up in our whole lifetime! It means that industry will be challenged, that education will be challenged, that religion will be challenged! It is so late by the clock of human destiny that if democracy lives at all in this kind of a world, it will only live because we have trained again the spiritual muscles of our own ideals, and that means sacrifice; that means a new day for youth; it means a new age, it means that this fatty degeneration that has settled down upon us with our eating and drinking and feasting, with our unregulated and unrestricted passions, it means that if democracy lives, that all of us must become disciplinarians again. It means another Valley Forge for your life and mine. That's how late it is. That's what time it is.

It means that we have got to produce some new type of pioneers, that's what it means! It means that the chasm between the rich and the poor, which is characteristic of all democracies must be bridged; and coming out of England today is the most healthy sign when the great of England at this tragic hour now tell us that never again will there be so few in England having so much, and so many having so little. Win or lose, the past is dead, the result is here, and the challenge which the new day brings to democracy is that challenge: 'What time is it in your life and mine?'

Obviously it is almost bromidic to suggest that every time this twelve month period closes its cycle all of us are nearer the answer. That's sophomoric, it is perfectly obvious, we are a year nearer the answer.

I stand and look at my dead, as I did twice yesterday, by an open casket, people to whom I have preached, people who have listened again and again, and I looked down into their faces and I thought 'the answer, the answer!' Between me and them, the chasm. Every year finds us all nearer the answer. Whatever that answer is to be: 'What time is it?' A whole year nearer for you and nearer for me.

Therefore, in this last broadcast which I shall have from our beloved Church on this last Sunday of the old year, knowing that there are people listening now, and perhaps people here, who may never have another service, whom

I may never see again, and who may never listen again, — — what time is it in your life and mine?

Let me bring to your heart a very much misunderstood and a frequently neglected saying of the Master: 'Let the dead bury their dead.' Does that mean disrespect? Not at all. Does it mean neglect? Not at all. The poet of Galilee was remaining a true poet when he uttered those words. It meant then what it means now — — 'Let your past, whatever **your past is, let it remian dead,** let it bury itself in the oblivion of yesterday. Let it not be a tyrant; it cannot set the clock back and have the right time. You don't get the right time when you change the clock. The clock of life is patterned after the norm of the Great Life, we must not disturb the clock, it is set. What time does it say?

Never in my lifetime have I said more intimately to God than **I am saying now** as I look back upon my own life, back upon this awful year of 1940 that has brought more anguish and tears and heartaches than almost any year of human history, realizing the potentiality of the year which is to come and what it may bring to the world, never have I been so certain that as the old year dies I am going to rededicate, reconsecrate everything I have and everything I am, and all the mistakes, and sins, and heartaches, I am going to dedicate my life anew to helping humanity get up out of the mud, and the blood, and the tears, away from those who seek to kill and to crush and to destroy! What time is it for the world? To me, yes, it is the time that man everywhere, Germans, British, Italians, French, Americans, South Africans, Australians, South Americans, time for a great world wide revolution of man to stand up on his feet, throw his arms into the dust and tell the warmongers and warmakers: 'You cannot kill me any longer, I am THE SON OF GOD!' And every man is the son of God, and let that bravery sweep the hearts of men, and 1941 will be GOD'S YEAR and GOD'S CLOCK WILL STRIKE NOTES OF PEACE! To that cause, we dedicate ourselves."

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"THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM"

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It's January — — — . There seems nothing we can do about it — — just watch the days go by, as go they must — — there's nothing going to stop the wheels of time — — so for once there is a ray of cheer in that. Usually time is too fleet — but these days of complete and absolute dreariness, one welcomes the night with hope in the heart that the morning may dawn with clear sky. As for sunshine — — whee! won't it be joyful to see that glorious golden orb in the sky again and feel its warming rays in the air you breathe; to delight again in dry streets and sidewalks, and not feel stricken with blight every time you look out of the window! As it is — and has been for weeks — one dreads looking out upon the damp, drizzly, drab park, blotched by pools of water, the ground too dark to absorb more, trees black like streaks of charcoal, scarcely pierce the atmosphere which is thick as pea soup. Rain — wet snow — drizzle! Fog and mist rolling in from the lake, — the lake that is out there somewhere — merging with the leaden grayness of the sky!

A good old fashioned blizzard, blanketing everything with white, even though it doesn't stay that way long in the city, would be a pleasure, wouldn't it? Like putting a clean frock on a youngster who has been making mud pies and fairly wallowed in it!

Yes, it's January — and just

for acting up like this, February, that should enjoy a thaw or two with morning sunshine to encourage us with the whisper there is more on the way; and March, that by all laws of nature marks spring on the calendar, will no doubt be buried under snow and ice so thick it will take all April and May to thaw out! Well, — you can have this January if you want it — — as for me — — I'm going to put another birch log in the fireplace and draw up a big comfy chair quite close (don't care if I toast!) and open up the seed catalogues which arrived with the New Year and were saved for just such a desperate, hopeless hour when one needs tremendous "good news" to fan a spark of life into a glow! And I shall feel the inspiration of spring awakening, and the soft warmth of south wind — now and then looking away from printed page, with half-closed eyes gazing into the fire — I shall see, yes, actually see, a garden, fair in summer, and I shall smile as I note the tall growth of my delphiniums and the lovely harmony of color — all the splendor of the rainbow in flowers gently swaying in the sunshine, and I may hear birds singing in the pine trees if I listen — I shall be happy for an hour or two or more — in the reality of my musing.

Yes, — the reality! The fog only veils the lake which lies beyond, and the trees of charcoal drawn in the mist will laugh at me in April, and dangle their bursting green buds dripping with raindrops! As the New England poetess, Celia Thaxter, wrote: "the sunrise ne'er failed us yet", so we take heart and begin again to plan our garden!

GOOD NEWS

Perhaps after all it is true that "everything comes to him who waits" — — long enough! Certain it is that Dr. Bradley has waited long and patiently to increase the scope of his radio service from The Peoples Church on Sunday mornings. He has long cherished the dream of a National Broadcast — — perhaps that, too, may be realized some day. At any rate, the beginning has been made.

On Sunday, the nineteenth, the morning service from The Peoples Church was broadcast from WLOL, Minneapolis—WXYZ, Detroit and WEMP, Milwaukee, all of these stations covering large areas, plus the coverage made by WJJD, the station over which we broadcast from Chicago, reaching five or six states. It is not possible, as yet, to put on the entire Sunday service over these newly added stations, but they give one hour, eleven-thirty to twelve-thirty Central Standard Time. Eventually we hope they can take the complete service. At least the entire sermon is broadcast, which after all is the most important. People everywhere are hungry for just such inspiring, unbiased, clear thinking as expressed by Dr. Bradley and many, many people will welcome the opportunity to hear him as Good News indeed!

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The first meeting of the Woman's Club in the new year was happily the Mid-season Tea, which is always considered quite the event of the club year. It was held January 6th at the Drake Hotel, which proved a very pleasing atmosphere for that occasion.

Mrs. R. W. Lee, the president, presided. Mrs. Clyde Bassler, program chairman, introduced the artists of the afternoon, who were

J. Bradley-Griffin, dramatic- recitalist, and John Charles Gilbert, baritone. Mr. Griffin gave a dramatic reading of the current play "There Shall Be No Night", by Robert E. Sherwood, in which Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt appear in the leading roles.

An elaborate tea was served following the program.

On Monday, January 13th, a Dessert Bridge Party was given in Channing Hall in honor of the new members. Mrs. Wm. Fowler, membership chairman, was hostess, assisted by the officers and board members and the social committee. Ice cream, cake and coffee was served prior to the games which were enjoyed the rest of the afternoon. Dainty guest towels were given as table prizes. Mrs. Fowler announced thirty-one new members had been received into the club, and said she hoped to make it fifty by the close of the season.

The closing program for January will be Reciprocity Day on the 20th, with the Class in World Affairs meeting in the morning, the subject being: "How the European Countries Came Into Being." The afternoon program, will feature a one-act play entitled "Thursday at Home" presented by the Drama Chairman, Mrs. Ralph Nettland, performed by members of the club, and directed by Lenore Brown, member of the Uptown Players and assistant to J. Bradley-Griffin in the Bradley-Griffin School of Theatre Art. Those in the cast are: Mesdames Nettland, Roberts, Tyndall, Wilson, Brown, Schulten, Stoker, Tharaldsen and Sumner. Mrs. Laura Jean Nelson, music chairman, will present Myra Connor Scott, soprano, who will furnish the musical program.

On the calendar for February, the Woman's Club announces "Men's Night", for Monday, February 3rd, at 8:00 p.m.; "American Home Day", on February 20th, with Mrs. C. W. Denicke, Chairman, giving "The Story of New Freedom for the Blind", and Manas Torcom speaking on the subject: "Romance of Oriental Rugs."

No member will want to miss these splendid programs. There should be a large attendance.

The Professional and Business Woman's Club

FEBRUARY CALENDAR

Monday, February 10th
- Honorary President's Night.
- Floral Demonstration by Rudolph Mohr, Director of Garfield Park Conservatory.
- Clyde Bassler, Guest Soloist.
- "My Island Garden" (colored slides of last summer's bloom—the loveliest ever) by Mrs. Preston Bradley.

Thursday, February 13th
- Church Dinner in Channing Hall. Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley.

Monday, February 24th
- Sam Campbell, famous Philosopher of the Forest, author, lecturer and traveler.
- Illustrated lecture—Latest pictures of the north woods and of the Northwest.
- Admission 25c.

And now, for the benefit of those who perhaps have not been able to attend some of the previous meetings, we give just a brief review of some past events.

There was the bazaar donation exhibit which, as someone said, looked like a young bazaar itself, as the girls wrapped the packages destined for the parcel post booth which our club sponsored at the bazaar. And considering that we as a club are quite new at this sort of venture, we are happy to report that when our final returns are all in, which will be after the Church Dinner on February 13th, when those two beautiful afghans will be raffled off, we will have made a very generous contribution to the success of the Annual Bazaar. Exact details will of course be given at the An-

nual Meeting of the church.

Those who were not present on December 9th missed a real treat, for Lenore Brown,, Director of the Uptown Players' Junior Theatre, presented three 1-act plays: "Hansel and Gretel", "Little Black Heliotrope" and "A Prayer For Our Sons." Each of these plays was beautifully presented and it was difficult to believe that some of the children acting in them had never appeared in a play before. "A Prayer For Our Sons", was deeply affecting and there were many in the audience whose eyes were moist as these children movingly depicted the emotions of people much older than themselves. Ahdor and Arlan Alton added a variety touch to the program with duets sung in costume and Dorothy Silverberg gave a piano solo. Many of these children should be heard from for a long time to come through The Uptown Players and one envisages through their work the great value of the Civic Theatre. We feel a just pride in being among those who are privileged to offer them all the support of which we are capable.

The Christmas party, on the fourth Monday in December, was a happy occasion. Donations to the Christmas baskets were plentiful and the games, carols and refreshments were enjoyed by all who came.

Our program for January 13th was not entirely the one we had planned, as Elda Hutton was ill and could not appear. However, our Program Chairman, Helen Hardin, was prevailed upon to "pinch hit" for Miss Hutton, which she did in a charming and gracious manner, and the Alton Boys, accompanied by their father brought down the house, with their melodramatic rendition in costume of some of the old Floradora songs.

The club was honored by the presence of Miss Clara E. Lawrence, President of the Business and Professional Women's Club of Evanston, and several of her board members; Mrs. Ruth Mannow Olsson, President of the Alliance Business and Professional Women's Club of Chicago, and Miss Grace Tugwell, Chairman of District No. 1 of the Illinois Fedederation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Each of these women addressed the club briefly.

It would be well for every member to resolve here and now not to miss any meeting for the remainder of the season. The meetings are planned for your pleasure and benefit and we appreciate your presence.

Watch the calendar for forthcoming events.

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Christenings in the Peoples Church

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DECEMBER

15th—Robert Spencer Kempton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Kempton.

29th—Karen Porretta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Poretta.

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The Following Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into The Peoples Church on Sunday, January 5th, 1941:

Mrs. Theadosia Atwood,
931 Belle Plaine Ave.

Miss Alice Boyle,
2621 Gunnison St.

Mrs. Leon C. Bradley,
3819 N. Central Park Ave., from Evang. Lutheran Immanuel Church)

Mrs. E. Chilson,
4454 Sheridan Road

Mr. John Craig,
923 Gordon Terrace

Mrs. Marie de Besche,
904 Wilson Ave.

Mr. Arthur J. Dumser, Jr.,
3726 N. Racine Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Edmonson,
5206 N. Winthrop Ave.

Mrs. Orpha Frey,
4811 Sheridan Road, (from M. E. Church, Emporia, Kansas)
Miss Marjorie Frey,
4811 Sheridan Road, (from M. E. Church, Emporia, Kansas)
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hare,
4805 N. Bell Ave.
Miss Lucille V. Handy,
7226 Madison St., Forest Park, Ill.
Mrs. Lucile Jann,
6620 N. Rockwell St.
Mrs. Eva Johnson,
1509 Wabansia Ave.
Mrs. Mary Kacena, , ,
1619 Komensky Ave.
Mrs. Maud King,
904 Wilson Ave.
Mrs. Hilda Nelson Mizer,
4122 Berkeley Ave.
Miss Margaret Moessing,,
2757 Giddings St.
Mr. Ray Nelson,
10105 Yale Ave.
Mrs. Ella Nielsen,
1212 North Shore Ave.
Mrs. Dixie Brown Raskin,
14435 S. LaSalle St., Riverdale, Ill.
Miss Ruth Riveits,
4824 Kentucky Ave., (choir) (from Mayfair Methodist Church)
Mrs. George H. Staub,
2400 N. Kilbourn Ave.
Mrs. Louise Voss,
6308 N. Leavitt St.
Miss Grace W. West,
445 N. Western Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Williams,
141 Prairie Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

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Weddings

NOVEMBER

16—Wayne D. Adamson and Mary Stewart Schrey
Clarence Utecht and Silvia Sigrist
Robert F. Buehler (Richland Center, Wis.) and Ariel Ewing
17—Panos C. Kylavas and Isabelle D. Carlson
20—Lee F. Reed and Gertrude Fuge
21—William Retzlaff and Marie Lhotka
Alfred Trott and Jane Banks
G. G. Koshurba and Alice Grinchuck
W. C. Eggert and Lucille E. Duckmann
30—Gene Richardson and Helen Keane
Dominick Yonkers and Lillian A. Case
Vincent D. Thoma and Thelma R. Kollie

DECEMBER

6—John Shomrock and Wilda Vogt
Harvey Newel Drewes and Hazel Marjorie Wolf
7—Sidney Leger and Pamela Leighton Pearce
Quincy Adams Kellogg and Ilona Anderson
14—John A. Covick and Mary Beth Espeset
Henry A. Pohle and Agnes Ann Obass

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Funerals

NOVEMBER

16—Oscar Engberg. Interment, Ridgewood.
19—Frank Schroeder. Interment, Memorial Park.
20—Elizabeth McAlvany. Interment, Rosehill.
23—Lester Willson. Interment, Rosehill.
25—Bernard Rolfe. Interment, Rosehill.
26—Robert Petersen. Interment, Acacia.
27—Frank N. Funk, Bloomington, Illinois. Interment, Funk's Grove, Ill.
29—Mrs. Leona Mausby. Interment, Irving Park.
30—Bert Roetter. Interment, Graceland.
George F. Campbell. Interment, Acacia Park.

DECEMBER

3—Mrs. John Jenkins. Interment, Oakwoods.
12—Mrs. Sadie Gregory. Interment, Memorial Park.
13—Mrs. Bertha De Roin. Interment, Acacia Park.
14—George Jensen. Interment, Graceland.

Dr. Bradley Kept the Following Engagements During the Month Ending December 15th, 1940:

Dr. Bradley's engagements, including funerals and weddings, are listed from the 15th to the 15th of each month.)

•

NOVEMBER

17—Two services. Peoples Church.
18—Address. Junior Association of Commerce. LaSalle Hotel.
Radio Address. WGN.
19—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Community Church. Whitefish Bay. Milwaukee, Wis.
20—Two Addresses. Thanksgiving Assembly. Lakeview High School.
Address. R. O. T. C. Unit. Lakeview High School.
Book Lecture Peoples Church.
Radio Address. WGN.
21—Thanksgiving Service. Peoples Church.
Radio Address. WGN.
22—Conference. Re Chicago College.
Conference. Re Plan for Feeding Europe.
Conference. Re Philanthropy.
Radio Address. WGN.
24—Two services. Peoples Church.
25—Address. Woman's Club of Peoples Church.
Radio Address. WGN.
Silver Wedding Anniversary Reception. Peoples Church.
26—Address. North Shore Kiwanis Club. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. North Side Animal Shelter. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
27—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture Peoples Church.
28—Luncheon conference of eight. Re European food problem.
Radio Address. WGN.
29—Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library Trustees.
Radio Address. WGN.
30—

DECEMBER

1—Two services. Peoples Church.
2—Address. Chicago Culture Club.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Symposium. Logan Square Congregation.
3—Address. Neighbors of Kenilworth. Kenilworth, Ill.
Radio Address. WGN.
4—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture Peoples Church. Bazaar Opening.
5—Address. Woman's Ideal Club. Blackstone Hotel.
Radio Address. WGN.
Attendance at Bazaar. Peoples Church.
6—Radio Address. WGN.
Attendance at Bazaar. Peoples Church.
7—Two Addresses. Teachers' Institute. Valparaiso, Ind.
8—Two services. Peoples Church.
Radio program. "Speak Up, America!" NBC.
9—Conference. Re Philanthropic work.
Radio Broadcast. WGN.
Address. Boy Scouts of America. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Dinner-Address. Emergency Rescue Commission. Drake Hotel.
10—Address. Woodlawn Woman's Club.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Chicago Retail Coal Dealers Assn. Chicago Athletic Club.
Address. Christmas Benefit. Blackstone Hotel.
11—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture Peoples Church.
Address. Men's Club. Sinai Temple.
12—Radio Address. WGN.
Board Meeting. Trustees of the Peoples Church.
13—Address. South End Woman's Club. Evanston, Ill.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. 15th Anniversary Dinner. Uptown Players. Chicago Woman's Club.
15—Two services. Peoples Church.

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